Richmond Dispatch.

WEDNESDAY.....OCTOBER 27, 1875.

[From the Dispatch of Tuesday.]

STONEWALL JACKSON!

Sketch of the Life, Triumphs & Death

OF THE

CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

Virginia's Great Memorial Day!

ENGLAND'S GIFT TO THE OLD DOMINION.

FOLEY'S LAST AND NOBLEST WORK

History and Description of the Statue and Pedestal.

THE STATUE AS SEEN IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY AND AS IT NOW APPEARS.

The Inscription!

Preparations for the Unveiling.

Procession of Military, Members of the Stonewall Brigade, other Veterans, and Civic Societies and Citizens.

&c., &c., &c.

This historic city will to-day have added to her wealth of interest a spectacle as sublime as any that ever claimed a place in her annals. In the height of the Indian summer, when the air is softest and sweetest, when the fields and forests are clad in their russet hues, and all nature is peace and quiet, loving multitudes will assemble to do honor to the most conspicuous hero of the late war and to celebrate an event of pleasing significance that will for the moment at least claim the attention of the civilized world. An English-speaking and an English-descended people, politically separated from the mother country for nearly a hundred years, yet bound to her by strong ties of kinship and affection, are to receive into their dear care and to inaugurate with imposing ceremonies the statue of a Christian soldier sent by English admirers.

In Virginia, where Jackson was born and lived, and for whom he left his study to resume his sword, long laid down—here, where his victories were achieved; beyond all, here in this city, that was more than once saved from capture and destruction by the swiftness of his movements, the fierceness of his attacks, the thunder of his blows—it is only natural that his life and character should be appreciated.

But with our ports blockaded it was rare that Confederate accounts of battles fought and victories won could reach other lands; and though the enemy's prints raised clouds of misrepresentations, and endeavored to obscure and belittle Jackson's triumphs, his fame burst through all and shed its lustre across the waters. When he died the Confederacy was almost palsied with horror; the enemy hushed their triumphs in confessions of his genius, his goodness, and his greatness. In England they said that in his death the best general the war had produced was lost, and those there who had watched his figure grandly riding into history took immediate steps to have placed in imperishable bronze his form and features, that posterity looking upon it might see their verdict and feel his presence. A statue erected by Virginia to Jackson would have been a proud mother's tribute to a fondly loved son. But this tribute from strangers is the testimonial of those who viewed his career with kindly yet critical eyes; who measured his genius with European generals', and his manhood with the most chivalric of their knightly race.

When the Confederacy went down, when new light was thrown upon Jackson's generalship, the admiration of him was heightened, and fresh efforts were made to secure the necessary money for the statue. No mean hands were allowed to perform the work. It was given to Foley, then England's greatest sculptor. Scarcely had it been cast when he went to join

> "The innumerable caravan that moves
> To that mysterious realm where each shall take
> His chamber in the silent halls of death."

It was probably his last, and has been pronounced by many his best work. The statue was accepted by the State, and will be inaugurated under her auspices. Everything possible has been done to make the occasion brilliant and imposing.

The Governor of the State will preside at the unveiling, and Rev. Dr. M. D. Hoge, a distinguished scholar and polished speaker, and friend of Jackson, will be the orator of the day. Tens of thousands of men, women and children will listen to his words, mighty cheers and salvos of artillery will welcome the first sight of the statue, and complete suspension of business to-day and an illumination and fireworks to-night will all go to make up a perfect exhibition of Virginia's gratitude to the English donors and a splendid memorial of our love to Jackson.

In the columns of this morning's *Dispatch* will be found an account of the life, character, and services of the renowned chieftain; a sketch of his military career; and an entirely new version of the manner in which he received the wounds that caused his death. The reader will also find an account of the organization of the Stonewall brigade, a roster of its brave commanders, a full history and description of the statue and pedestal as well as the inscription upon the statue, besides much other valuable matter which will, we hope, make our paper a welcome visitor to every household.

Sketch of the Life of Jackson.

The main facts in the life of Stonewall Jackson are as familiar to our people as household words; but as many details concerning him are not within the reach of all, and will be of deep interest to day to the thousands who seek to do him honor, a *Dispatch* reporter, whose proud privilege it was to march with the "foot cavalry," has prepared the following

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES AND ANECDOTES OF STONEWALL JACKSON:

I used to hear the cadets of the Virginia Military Institute speak of a silent, stern, but hard-working professor, whom they called "Old Jack," and upon whom they delighted to play all sorts of pranks. There were traditions of his having greatly distinguished himself in the Mexican war; and stories were told of his walking back and forth on a road that was ploughed by the enemy's artillery to inspire his men with courage; of his sitting all alone on his piece when his men had been killed or driven off, saying that he "had received no orders to leave"; and of his standing to his guns on another occasion when all his supports had fled, and driving off an immensely superior force of the enemy.

But these gallant deeds had been well nigh lost sight of, and I confess that I entered largely into the general feeling of disapprobation when it was announced in the early spring of '61 that "Major Jackson" had been made "Colonel," and sent to take command of Harper's Ferry, which was then considered one of the strongholds of the Confederacy.

I first saw him on the 4th of July, 1861, while our army was drawn up in line of battle at Darkesville to meet Patterson. The skill and tact with which he had reduced the high-spirited young men who marched to Harper's Ferry at the first tap of the drum into the respectable "Army of the Shenandoah," which he turned over to General Johnston on the 23d of May, '61, and the ability and stern courage with which he had checked Patterson's advance at Falling Waters had won for him some reputation, and I was anxious to see him. I confess that my first impression was one of disappointment, and I was loth to recognize in the plain-looking, rather awkward man before me, dressed in a simple Virginia uniform, the rising Confederate leader. But when I approached him and stated my mission, which was to ask permission for a colporter who had been stopped by our pickets to enter our lines and prosecute his work among the soldiers, he at once replied, with a sweet smile which lingers fresh in my memory to-day, "Certainly, sir, I will take the greatest pleasure in granting all such permits. Please say to the colporter that he is more than welcome, that he must come to see me, and that it will afford me real pleasure to do everything in my power to help him in the noble work."

I lingered for a time to have with him a delightful conversation on the religious interests of the army, and went away with the deep conviction that we had in him a warm-hearted, earnest Christian, whose entire trust was in the living God.

HIS PERSONAL APPEARANCE

as I saw him then and almost daily afterwards is vividly daguerreotyped on the memory of his old corps who will readily recognize the following picture drawn by his intimate friend and chief of staff, Rev. Dr. R. L. Dabney:

"His person was tall, erect, and muscular, with the large hand and feet characteristic of all his race. His bearing was peculiarly English, and, therefore, in the somewhat free society of America was regarded as constrained. Every movement was quick and decisive. His articulation was not rapid, but distinct and emphatic, and accompanied by that laconic and perspicuous phrase to which it was so well adapted it often made the impression of curtness. He practiced a military exactness in all the courtesies of good society. Different opinions existed as to his comeliness, because it varied so much with the condition of his health and animal spirits. His brow was exceedingly fair and expansive; his eyes were blue, large, and expressive, reposing usually in placid calm, but able none the less to flash lightning. His nose was Roman and exceedingly well chiseled; his cheeks ruddy and sunburnt; his mouth firm and full of meaning, and his chin covered with a beard of comely brown. The remarkable characteristic of his face was the contrast between its stern and its gentler moods. As he accosted a friend or dispensed the hospitalities of his own house his serious, constrained look gave place to a smile so sweet and sunny in its graciousness that he was another man. But hearty laughter especially was a complete metamorphosis; his blue eyes then danced, and his countenance rippled with a glee and abandon literally infantile. This smile was indescribable to one who never saw it. Had there been a painter with genius subtle enough to fix upon his canvas, side by side, the spirit of the countenance with which he caught the sudden jest of a child romping on his knees, and that with which, in the crisis of battle, he gave his generals the sharp and strident command, "Sweep the field with the bayonet," he would have accomplished a miracle of art which the spectator could scarcely credit as true to nature.

"In walking, his step was long and rapid, and at once suggested the idea of the dismounted horseman. It has been said that he was an awkward rider, but incorrectly. A sufficient evidence of this is the fact that he was never thrown. It is true that on the march, when involved in thought, he was heedless of the grace of his posture; but in action, or as he rode with his bare head along the column, acknowledging the shouts which rent the skies, no figure could be nobler than his. Such was the man as he left the quiet walks of the military academy, in the spring of 1861, to begin a career which was to fill the world with his fame."

And who does not remember that old gray uniform which soon became soiled with the dust of the Valley; those cavalry boots and spurs; that old cadet cap which tilted on his nose; and, above all, that old raw-boned sorrel which he rode and which the boys used to say "could not run except towards the enemy!" The splendid "regulation" Confederate uniform which his devoted friend the chivalric "Jeb" Stuart presented him with just before the battle of Fredericksburg, and which he wore for the first time on that occasion, has been forgotten, but that old uniform in which we used to see him gallop along the lines amid the deafening cheers of the brave fellows who followed him with loving enthusiasm can never be forgotten, and will be recalled again and again to-day as the veterans of his old corps gather to do him honor.

The crowded columns of the *Dispatch* will allow only a very brief

EPITOME OF HIS LIFE.

Thomas Jonathan Jackson was born at Clarksburg, in West Virginia (a part of the "Old Dominion" *then*), in the year 1824. Left a penniless orphan at three years old, he grew up an industrious, hard-working boy, with few educational advantages, but so esteemed for his energy and integrity of character that at sixteen he was appointed constable, and might have succeded well in business pursuits. But conceiving an ardent desire to secure a suitable education and enter the military service of the country he went to Washington (making a large part of the journey on foot), and through the influence of the congressman from his district secured at the age of seventeen an appointment as cadet to West Point. His previous preparation did not enable him to take a very high stand in his class, and he was not considered brilliant; but with that conscientiousness which ever distinguished him he went vigorously to work, made rapid progress in his studies, and after the usual four years' course graduated number seventeen in his class.

Brevetted second lieutenant in July, 1846, he reported to "old Rough and Ready" in Mexico, and not long after joined General Scott in his victorious march to the halls of the Montezumas. In August, 1847, he was made a first lieutenant in the battery of Captain John B. Magruder (the Confederate General Magruder) and so greatly distinguished himself in the battles that followed that he was highly complimented in official reports, and brevetted captain, and then major, "for gallant and meritorious conduct."

In 1852 failing health impelled him to resign his commission in the army and return to his native State. The professorship of Natural Sciences in the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington being then vacant, General D. H. Hill (then a professor in Washington College) strongly urged Jackson's name for the appointment. The faculty at West Point (on application of General Smith, superintendent of the Virginia Institute) recommended for the position McClellan, Rosecrans, Foster, Peck, and G. W. Smith, but on being told that Jackson had been mentioned they said that he was "an indefatigable man and would do well though he had come to the Academy badly prepared." His election was strongly advocated before the Board by no less a personage than John S. Carlisle, and the testimonies in his favor were so strong that he was elected notwithstanding the able competitors which he had for the place. His life at the Institute was that of an earnest man conscientiously and successfully discharging every duty that devolved upon him. He was considered "eccentric" by some, but his eccentricities all leant to a rigid performance of what he deemed right. He waited ten minutes in the pelting rain in front of the quarters of the superintendent that he might not deliver his report one minute before the time ordered, and wore thick woollen clothes in the summer "because he had received no orders to change his uniform" upon precisely the same principle. He wanted to set the cadets an example of *unquestioning obedience to orders.*

Soon after entering upon his duties at the Institute he married a daughter of Rev. Dr. Junkin, president of Washington College, and upon her death, in 1855, he visited Europe on leave of absence. Some time after his return he married the daughter of Rev. Dr. Morrison, of North Carolina, who was sister to the wife of the Confederate General D. H. Hill. He continued in the discharge of his duties at the Institute until the notes of civil strife sounded through the land and called him to the glorious career which was to make him one of the world's heroes.

Jackson was not a politician in any sense of the term; but he was not an indifferent spectator of the great events of the early weeks of 1861, and earnestly did he hope and pray that the rights of his native South might be guaranteed, and the flag he had once fought under so gallantly continue to wave in peace over all of the States.

But the fatal hour came—all efforts at a peaceful solution of the controversy failed. Virginia, who had hitherto refused all overtures to leave the Union, and had upon bended knees begged for peace, was called on to furnish her quota of troops to coerce her sister States of the South; and in reply her Convention, on the 17th day of April, 1861, passed an "ordinance of secession," and her sons marched from seaboard and mountains to obey her voice, and meet on the frontier the invaders of her soil.

The quiet professor at Lexington was not slow to respond to the call of his State, which he deemed paramount to all others. He wrote at once to his friend Governor Letcher offering his services in any position to which he might be assigned, expressing his willingness to go into the ranks if he was not more needed in some higher position. Governor Letcher, whose intimate acquaintance with Jackson and keen knowledge of character gave him a high estimate of his ability, at once commissioned him a colonel in the Virginia forces. After remaining for a short time at the camp of instruction near Richmond, where he rendered most valuable assistance in organizing the raw volunteers who came forward so promptly, he was sent to command the troops gathered at Harper's Ferry.

When General Johnston was sent by the Confederate Government, of which Virginia had now become a part, to command the "Army of the Shenandoah," Colonel Jackson was placed in command of the brigade with which his name was henceforth identified. His honorable part in the skilful movement by which our great strategist (General Johnston) eluded Patterson and hastened to the relief of Beauregard at Manassas, and the ability and cool courage with which he fought his brigade and won his imperishable *sobriquet* "Stonewall" on those historic plains, are too well known to require any detailed account.

He had been made brigadier soon after the affair at Falling Waters, and the 1st of October, 1861, he was commissioned major-general and sent to command the "Valley District." His frequent marches from point to point, and his expedition to Bath and Romney, which by a sudden change of the weather was rendered one of the most terrible marches on record, will not be forgotten by those who participated in them.

His resignation of his commission when the Secretary of War (Mr. Benjamin) seemed disposed to manage the affairs of his department without consulting him, and his refusal to withdraw his resignation until the proper explanations were made; his reluctant withdrawal from Winchester on the 11th of March, '62, before overwhelming numbers of the enemy, and his bold attack and heroic fight at Kernstown, the 23d of May, by which he recall the Federal column which was moving through the mountains to strike Johnston's flank as he fell back from Manassas, are all matters of history which can be read in detail in the books.

The ability of his strategy, the celerity of his movements, and the heroic courage with which (after being joined by Ewell's veteran division) he struck Milroy at McDowell, Banks at Front Royal, Middleburg, and Winchester, Fremont at Cross Keys, and smote at Port Republic, will be the study of military critics in ages to come.

At once his rapid and secret movement to Richmond, and the part he bore in the glorious "seven days' battles" which raised the siege of our beautiful city and sent McClellan bleeding and crippled to the cover of his gunboats, is indelibly written in the memories of our people, and need not be recited here.

Jackson was now made Lieutenant-General and placed in command of the old Second corps, while Longstreet commanded the First.

It quickens the pulse and thrills the heart of every to seventy-five yards in front of them. My informant thinks that there was with Jackson at this time none of his staff, and only one of the signal corps; but it would seem, from other accounts, that he was at least joined soon after by Captain Wilbourne and Lieutenant Morrison, of his staff. The contiguity of the Confederate lines to the Federal lines at this time was shown by the fact that some of Lane's brigade of Hill's corps brought in a Federal colonel, who said that he stepped in front of his lines and only came a few feet before he found himself in our's. As soon as General Hill saw Jackson ride in front of his lines he felt it his duty, as a subordinate, to join him, and accordingly he also rode forward, accompanied by several of his staff and couriers.

It was not an unusual thing for our general officers to ride in front of their lines (at Mine Run, in November, 1863, General R. E. Lee, General A. P. Hill, and General Stuart crawled out in front of our advance skirmish line in order to reconnoitre the position of the enemy), and Jackson was famous for it. So that he did nothing out of the usual order on this occasion, and the officer from whom I get these points is very positive that no special orders "to fire on horsemen coming from the direction of the enemy" were given the troops that night. When the firing first begun the party were sitting quietly on their horses looking in the direction of the enemy's lines and eagerly listening at the clatter of the axes felling timber and other noises indicating their movements. A smattering fire commenced on the right (possibly in response to one from the enemy), and immediately the brigade in front of which Jackson's party were quietly sitting on their horses opened fire upon them with the most fatal results. The party at this time consisted of General Jackson, who received three terrible wounds in the arm and hand, and whose horse dragged him under the bough of a tree and lacerated his face terribly; Captain Wilbourne and Lieutenant Morrison, who saved himself from being carried into the enemy's lines by his frantic horse by throwing himself to the ground and suffering severe bruises; General Hill, who saved himself by jumping to the ground and lying there till the firing was over; Colonel William H. Palmer, whose horse was killed under him; Captain Forbes, a gallant quartermaster, who was serving as a volunteer aid on Hill's staff, who was instantly killed; Major Conway Howard, whose horse carried him into the enemy's lines; Captain Murray Taylor, whose horse was killed with five bullet-wounds; Sergeant Tucker, who was captured; and couriers Muse severely wounded and Saunders killed.

The bearing of Jackson to the rear, the wounding of A. P. Hill, who sent at once for Stuart, the grand attack on the enemy's position, with the watchword "Charge, and remember Jackson," and other interesting incidents of this eventful period, are detailed in the books, and there is not space to reproduce them here.

DR. McGUIRE'S STATEMENT OF THE CIRCUMSTANCES ATTENDING HIS DEATH.

As Dr. Hunter McGuire, Jackson's medical director and trusted friend, has given a detailed and deeply interesting account of his last hours, which is not accessible to the general public, the following extracts are subjoined:

After describing his removal to the rear, Dr. McGuire says: His suffering at this time was intense; his hands were cold, his skin clammy, his face pale, and his lips compressed and bloodless; not a groan escaped him, not a sigh of suffering except the slight corrugation of his brow, the fixed, rigid face, and the thin lips so tightly compressed that the impression of the teeth could be seen through them. Except these, he controlled by his iron will all evidence of emotion, and, more difficult than this even, he controlled that disposition to restlessness which many of us have observed on the field of battle attending great loss of blood.

* * * After reaching the hospital he was placed in bed, covered with blankets, and another drink of whiskey and water given him. Two hours and a half elapsed before sufficient reaction took place to warrant an examination. At 2 o'clock Sunday morning, Surgeons Black, Walls, and Coleman being present, I informed him that chloroform would be given him and his wound examined. I told him that amputation would probably be required, and asked if it was found necessary whether it should be done at once. He replied promptly, "Yes, certainly; Dr. McGuire, do for me whatever you think best." Chloroform was then administered, and as he began to feel its effects and its relief to the pain he was suffering he exclaimed, "What an infinite blessing," and continued to repeat the word "blessing" until he became insensible. The ball—such as is used for the smooth-bore Springfield musket, which had lodged under the skin upon the back of his right hand, was extracted first. It had entered the palm about the middle of the hand, and had fractured two of the bones. The left arm was then amputated about two inches below the shoulder, very rapidly, and with slight loss of blood, the ordinary circular operation having been made. There were two wounds in his arm. The first and most serious was about three inches below the shoulder-joint, the ball dividing the main artery and fracturing the bone. The second was several inches in length. A ball having entered the outside of the forearm an inch below the elbow came out upon the opposite side just above the wrist. Throughout the whole of the operation, and until the dressings were applied, he continued insensible.

The next morning he was free from all pain, and expressed himself sanguine of recovery. He sent his aid-de-camp, Morrison, to inform his wife of his injuries and to bring her at once to him. * * * At this time the battle was raging fearfully, and the sound of the cannon and musketry could be distinctly heard at the hospital. The General's attention was attracted to it from the first, and when the noise was at its height and indicated how fiercely the conflict was being carried on, he directed all of his attendants except Captain Smith to return to the battle-field and to attend to their different duties. By 8 o'clock Sunday night the pain in his side had disappeared, and in all respects he seemed to be doing well. He inquired minutely about the battle and the different troops engaged, and his face would light up with enthusiasm and interest when told how this brigade acted or that officer displayed conspicuous courage, and his head gave the peculiar shake from side to side, and he uttered his usual "good, good," with unwonted energy, when the gallant behavior of the "Stonewall Brigade" was alluded to. He said: "The men of that brigade will be, some day, proud to say to their children, 'I was one of the Stonewall Brigade.'" * * *

The rough teamsters sometimes refused to move their loaded wagons out of the way for an ambulance until told that it contained Jackson, and then with all possible speed they gave the way and stood with hats off, and weeping, as he went by. At Spotsylvania Courthouse and along the whole route, men and women rushed to the ambulance bringing all the poor delicacies they had, and with tearful eyes they blessed him and prayed for his recovery. He bore the journey well, and was cheerful throughout the day. He talked freely about the late battle.

* * * Conversing with Captain Smith a few moments afterwards he alluded to his injuries, and said: "Many would regard them as a great misfortune; I regard them as one of the blessings of my life." Captain S. replied: "All things work together for good to those that love God." "Yes," he answered, "that's it, that's it."

About daylight I was aroused, and found him suffering with great pain. An examination disclosed pleuro-pneumonia of the right side. I believed, and the consulting physicians concurred in the opinion, that it was attributable to the fall from the litter the night he was wounded. The General himself referred it to this accident. I think the disease came on too soon after the application of the wet cloths to admit of the supposition, once believed, that it was induced by them. * * * Towards the evening he became better, and hopes were again entertained of his recovery. Mrs. Jackson arrived to-day and nursed him faithfully to the end. She was a devoted wife and earnest Christian, and endeared us all to her by her great kindness and gentleness. The General's joy at the presence of his wife and child was very great, and for him unusually demonstrative. Noticing the sadness of his wife, he said to her tenderly, "I know you would gladly give your life for me, but I am perfectly resigned. Do not be sad; I hope I may yet recover. Pray for me, but always remember in your prayers to use the petition 'Thy will be done.'"

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When his child was brought to him to-day he played with it for some time, frequently caressing it, and calling it his "little comforter." At one time he raised his wounded hand above its head, and, closing his eyes, was for some moments silently engaged in prayer. He said to me, "I see, from the number of physicians, that you think my condition dangerous; but I thank God, if it His will, that I am ready to go." About daylight on Sunday morning Mrs. Jackson informed him that his recovery was very doubtful, and that it was better that he should be prepared for the worst. He was silent for a moment, and then said, "It will be infinite gain to be translated to heaven." He advised his wife, in the event of his death, to return to her father's house, and added, "You have a kind and good father, but there is no one so kind and good as your Heavenly Father." He still expressed a hope of his recovery, but requested her, if he should die, to have him buried in Lexington, in the Valley of Virginia. His exhaustion increased so rapidly that at 11 o'clock Mrs. Jackson knelt by his bed and told him that before the sun went down he would be with his Saviour. He replied: "Oh, no. You are frightened, my child. Death is not so near. I may yet get well." She fell over the bed, weeping bitterly, and told him again that the physicians said there was no hope. After a moment's pause he asked her to call me. "Doctor, Anna informs me that you have told her that I am to die to-day; is it so?" When he was answered he turned his eyes towards the ceiling and gazed for a moment or two, as if in intense thought, then replied, "Very good, very good, it is all right." He then tried to comfort his almost heart-broken wife, and told her he had a good deal to say to her, but he was too weak. Colonel Pendleton came into the room about 1 o'clock, and he asked him, "Who was preaching at headquarters to-day?" When told that the whole army was praying for him, he replied: "Thank God! they are very kind." He said: "It is the Lord's day; my wish is fulfilled. I have always desired to die on Sunday."

His mind now began to fail and wander, and he frequently talked as if in command upon the field, giving orders in his old way; then the scene shifted, and he was at the mess-table in conversation with members of his staff; now with his wife and child; now at prayers with his military family. Occasional intervals of return of his mind would appear, and during one of them I offered him some brandy and water, but he declined it, saying: "It will only delay my departure and do no good; I want to preserve my mind to the last if possible." About half-past 1 he was told that he had but two hours to live, and he answered again feebly but firmly: "Very good; it is all right." A few moments before he died he cried out in his delirium: "Order A. P. Hill to prepare for action"! "Pass the infantry to the front rapidly"! "Tell Major Hawks"—then stopped, leaving the sentence unfinished. Presently a smile of ineffable sweetness spread itself over his pale face, and he said quietly and with an expression as if of relief, "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees"; and then, without pain or the least struggle, his spirit passed from earth to the God who gave it.

RICHMOND'S GRIEF

on the death of Jackson may be recalled in the following extracts from the Richmond papers of the next day:

Richmond, the capital of the Confederacy and the Commonwealth of Virginia, yesterday received into its great heart, bursting with grief, the mortal remains of her gallant son and the nation's hero and hope, General T. J. Jackson—a name henceforth immortal. Had a visible pall overspread the city it could not have expressed grief more profound nor sorrow more universal than that which filled every heart and sat upon every countenance. It was as though death had come home to every household and snatched the one dearest away.

The recommendation of the Mayor, closing places of business after 10 o'clock A. M., was generally complied with, and the public buildings of the State and Confederate Government floated at half-mast, and the departments, State and Confederate, were also closed after 12 M. It was announced that the special train bearing the remains would arrive at the Fredericksburg depot at noon, and a tide of human beings began to pour in that direction as early as 10 o'clock. By noon a mass of men, women, and children filled Broad street for several squares above and below the depot. The rays of the sun shone intensely hot, but the crowd showed no diminution in numbers until nearly 1 o'clock, when it was announced that in consequence of some unavoidable delay the train would not arrive with the remains before 4 o'clock P. M., and such an announcement was bulletined at the newspaper offices and about the city, and the crowds gradually dwindled away to await that hour. At the hour named the assemblage on Broad street was even greater than before, and hundreds gathered in the Capitol Square in anticipation of the passage of the *cortège* to the hall of the Capitol, where the body was to be deposited in state.

Shortly after 4 o'clock the special train was announced, and drove slowly up into the depot, the bells of the city mean while sending their solemn peals over the city and into thousands of throbbing hearts. The coffin containining the remains was removed from the car and enshrouded with the flag under which the Christian hero fought and fell, covered with spring flowers, placed upon the hearse in waiting. The *cortège* then formed in the following order: Major-General Elzey and staff, mounted; Public State Guard, with flag draped; Forty-fourth North Carolina regiment, Colonel Singletary, General Pettigrew's brigade, with arms reversed; Armory Band; Colonel Skinner, of the First Virginia; Colonel S. Bassett French, aid to the Governor; hearse, with black plumes and drawn by a pair of black steeds; General Jackson's staff, dismounted and draped; members of the City Council on foot; citizens. The *cortège* moved, the band playing the "Dead March," and entering the Capitol Square by the main gateway (on Ninth street) proceeded direct to the Governor's mansion. The Square was lined by the thousands who followed the *cortège*, and it was with difficulty the guard at the gate kept the crowd there. The line halted as the head reached the mansion-gate, and the military filed into line, and General Elzey and staff riding to the front, the hearse followed, and the coffin was lifted and borne forward into the mansion, the dead hero's staff, the Mayor and City Council, and others following uncovered. Meanwhile the band at the extremity of the line continued the performance of the dirge, and the bells tolled out solemnly and then ceased, and the throngs and escort begun to desert the Square. During the morning of the pageant from the depot to the Governor's mansion the exhibitions of the public grief were frequent and unrestrained. Tears stood in the eyes of stern men and gentle women as they gazed upon the coffin, as though they doubted that it contained in its narrow space the remains of one who was once so great, so true, and so beloved. The body was deposited in the reception parlor of the mansion, and the coffin-lid being removed a few present availed themselves of the opportunity to look upon the features.

THE LYING IN STATE OF THE BODY OF GENERAL JACKSON AT THE CAPITOL—THE THRONGS TO TAKE A LAST LOOK OF HIM—HIS APPEARANCE IN THE COFFIN—THE CORTEGE MOVING THROUGH THE STREETS—IMPRESSIVE SCENES—ALL RICHMOND IN HABILIMENTS OF SORROW.

The ceremony of transferring the remains of the late General T. J. Jackson from the Governor's mansion to the Capitol was yesterday (May 15, 1863) made the occasion of a solemn pageant, in which the Confederate and State officials from the highest to the lowest, and citizens, joined with one heart and feeling. Though no such action was officially recommended, the public sorrow prompted it, and many places of business, especially along the route indicated for the procession to move, were closed. The tolling of the bells were the first summons to the Square, but some time before the hour (10 o'clock) several thousand citizens, among them hundreds of ladies and children, had assembled in the Square. The procession of military officials and citizens was formed on Capitol street, the head of the line resting on Governor street. At the main gateway entrance stood the hearse, tastefully decked, and to which four white steeds were attached. In the mansion were assembled officers and officials of distinction, a few friends of the late General and the pall-bearers, comprising six major- and brigadier-generals, in full uniform, wearing the usual badge of mourning. The body, prepared and embalmed during the night, was contained in an elegant metallic burial case, which stood in a raised position in the centre of the reception-room enshrouded in the Confederate standard. Bouquets of flowers and wreaths, the tributes of the tender hands of patriotic but sorrow-stricken ladies, covered the pall.

At about 11 o'clock, the line being formed and everything in readiness, the coffin was borne from the mansion to the hearse, the crowd assembled instinctively uncovering their heads as the bier passed to the hearse. The line then began to move slowly to the music of the "Dead March in Saul," and the firing of a signal gun in the Square gave information of that fact to the thousands who could not get within sight of the line. The throngs on the Square at this moment were very dense, as well as on Capitol and Governor streets, the masses blocking the sidewalks of the latter thoroughfare as far down as Main street. The line of the procession, getting under way, moved down Governor street in the following order: Two regiments of General Pickett's division (the Nineteenth and Fifty-sixth Virginia) with arms reversed, headed by the Armory Band; Public Guard, with arms reversed; General Pickett and staff, mounted; Fayette Artillery company, six pieces and caissons, two pieces abreast, drawn by six horses each; Captain Wrenn's cavalry company, with sabres reversed; hearse, with corpse, followed by the war-steed of the dead hero caparisoned and led by a groom; members of the old "Stonewall Brigade," composed of invalids and others not now in the ranks, [those attracted much sympathetic notice as they moved with slow tread and downcast look, as though each was following the corpse of a father]; Volandt's band; Major-General Elzey and staff, mounted; generals officiating as pall-bearers, &c., among them Major-General Longstreet, Brigadier-Generals Winder, Garnett, Kemper, and Corse, Commodore Forrest, all in full uniform and mounted; Provost Marshal Griswold and Assistant Booker, and other officials of the Department of Henrico; the President of the Confederate States and Colonel Davis in a carriage; heads and clerks of the Confederate States departments on foot; heads and clerks of the State departments; Governor and aids; Mayor and members of City Council; Hustings Court; judges and clerks; judge and officers of the Confederate States District Court; carriages, and citizens on foot.

The line wound around Governor and up Main street, and was fully three-quarters of a mile in length. Main street from Governor street to the Spotswood hotel was thronged with the populace and soldiery, and everywhere heads were lowered and voices subdued—the wailing of the martial music, the measured beat of the drum, and march of the procession alone being heard. The bells were tolled and the gun in the Square fired at intervals—once when the head of the procession reached the corner of Grace and Second streets; again when at the gate, and again when the bier was borne up the west entrance of the Capitol.

Long before the *cortège* arrived, however, the steps and the windows of the Capitol were packed with ladies and children, who sought an elevation to get a better view of the pageant. Arrived at the gateway, the procession halted, and no part of it admitted save the Public Guard, with Voland's band, General Elzey and staff, the staff of the deceased General, pall-bearers, and hearse, which was driven around the gravel walk to the foot of the steps. The guards then drew up at a present arms, the band playing a low dirge, and the coffin was borne up the steps and into the hall of the House of Representatives. Here, in front of the Speaker's chair, an altar was erected, which received the bier. It was covered with white linen looped up with crape. The hall was also appropriately clothed in mourning, the Confederate standards being folded along the face of the gallery and draped. The body was deposited in the Capitol at 12 M., and immediately the *cortège* dispersed from the Square, but not so with the people. Theirs was a dearer privilege; they came to claim the melancholy